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SONG OF
THE WIND
AND OTHER POEMS

By Edna Poppe Cooper



The Song of The Wind and Other Poems



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W. F. H.

To My Mother Caroline H. Poppe,
This book is lovingly Dedicated



The Wind blows out your tangled hair,
Like the bannered clouds of an afternoon,
And the siren-song from your lips so rare
Like the drone of bees to the rose of June
Comes over my soul, like a spell of peace
From the dream-walled cities, of ancient Greece
That cometh late—and goes too soon.

D. W. R.



Edna Poppe Cooper

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

The Song of The Wind



At dawn, a cool, caressing wind,
From Heaven's bluest sky,
Comes earthward in a truant flight
On beds of flowers to lie.

A mild and murmuring maiden wind,
A pure and perfume-laden wind,
A cooing wind—a wooing wind—
The love-lass of the sky.

At night, a purling phantom wind,
Astir amid the trees,
Murmurs the soul's impassioned joys,
And myriad mysteries.
We faintly catch the sound of wings—
The soft, elusive voice that sings—
The wind a'gleam---the wind a'dream--
A phantom of the sky.

Sometimes with dread destruction fraught,
It flings defiance high
And man-made monuments are naught—
It sweeps them madly by.
A groaning and lamenting wind—
A cruel and unrelenting wind—
A swelling wind—a yelling wind—
The vandal of the sky.

It mutters in the storm cloud near—
And murmurs to the rose—
It makes the forest quake with fear,
And lulls it to repose.
It agitates Old Ocean's breast—
Then bids it quiet lie—
It lingers low and scales the crest—
The harlequin of the sky.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

It bears the rain upon its wings,
Wrapped in a misty veil—
It soars the sea and softly sings
Unto the silvered sail.
It soothes the saddest soul to sleep,
And wafts a prayerful sigh,
It has a loving watch to keep,
The priestess of the sky.

The fragrant breath of early Spring,
The Summer's song and sigh,
The Fall's pathetic whispering,
The Winters wailing cry,
A wind of dawn and noontide bright—
A wind that haunts the silent night—
A wind that calls the soul to flight,
The spirit of the sky.



Gifts



ALL of these things Life has given to me:
Her duties to seek and her beauties
to see,
Dawn and the sunrise, the daytime
at hand,
Patience and powers that daily expand,
Bird notes and wind songs and meadows of flowers,
Child-laughter gilding the lingering hours,
Shadows and sunset, the dusk and the night,
A fire in the hearth place and lamps all alight,
Star-spaces above, for the far seeing eye,
And all of the radiant life of the sky,
Sweet peace and deep slumber, the dreams that
may be—
All of these things Life has given to me.

Resonance



L AID my violin upon the window
ledge
Where all the summer sounds could
touch its strings—

The breezes stealing from the woodland's edge,
The separate strains each winged songster
sings;

I bade it tell how, in the mother-tree,
It lay and drank the sunshine and the dew;
And voice one measure of the symphony
That it could hear beneath the fadeless blue—
The liquid laughter hidden in the brook—
The wind that stirs the harp-strings of the
pines—

Melodic woodland notes that never book
Could give to man to read in written lines,
Could I persuade its soul to hear for me
The plaintive murmur of the night-wind's voice,
The dusk-doves tender flood of melody,
The love-note from the lady of his choice?
I laid my violin upon the window ledge,
As night came on with slow, unfaltering tread.
Perhaps, the constant stars more patiently
Could point the way my yearning visions sped.
A while, it seemed too weary and too worn
To lift its tonal spirit to the sky—
To hear the songs it heard 'ere I was born,
So mute, so mystified it seemed to lie—
And then it stirred—Oh, for the master hand!
To touch the strings and cause the harmony
That all at once it seemed to understand—
Vibrating through and through with melody.

Lupines



DAY DAWNS," says the clock in the
tower,
But somehow its accent annoys,
For the slumbering city awakens
To hurry and bustle and noise;
Then a breath, as of long ago blossoms,
A wafture from meadows abloom,
Comes in, with the touch of the sunlight,
To this white-walled and silent old room;
And I dream of the country and flowers
I knew when a light hearted lass---
Would they know my once soft winging
footsteps,
If now they should wearily pass?
It was long, long ago, I remember,
In the days of a childhood that's fled,
When I wandered through soft, verdant meadows,
Drawn on by a vision ahead,
Till I stood 'neath the blue of the Heavens,
And the earth was all blue at my feet,
With the billows and billows of lupines,
Bewilderingly fragrant and sweet.
Enraptured, I stood 'midst their beauty---
It seem'd that the earth and sky
Were mellow with sunshine, while flowers
Bloom'd never to wither or die.

Forever the clock in the tower
Resounds midst the hum of the street---
I am weary of voices and people
And the tread of the hurrying feet.
For somewhere, a hill touches heaven,
I know, could I break every chain,
I would go to the country of flowers
And stand midst the lupines again.

Night Thoughts



ALM reigns the night; I sit with
thoughts alone;
Wind-voices thrill me and star-faces
gaze

From the high heavens on my earthliness,
Moths flit on fragile wings; and from the haze
Of yonder woodland comes, a night-bird's call,
Whilst whispering fragrance from a flower's soul
Drifts to my dreams; O wonder of it all!
Hold hard my mightier mind; Divine control
Entice my yearnings from departed years;
Full well I know but shattered hopes are there---
Give me a compensation for my tears;
Great beauty of the night! Move me to prayer.



How The Dawn Came



HE summer dawn came in today,
In just the softest kind of way,
It seemed to me it hardly stirred
A blade of grass, a leaf, a bird.

It sweetly 'woke the slumbering night,
And touched the east with tender light,
Tiptoeing softly where I lay
The summer dawn came in to day.

Harbingers



HEARD a spring-bird sing today,
While coming down the lane;
It sang, in just the sweetest way,
An old familiar strain;
And all my soul went forth to meet,
The song filled days again.

Today I saw a wild; white flower,
A happy little thing;
It graced a green and golden bower—
Sweet herald of the Spring.
How all my spirit sped to greet,
The time of blossoming.

I saw an azure glimpse of sky,
Where leaden clouds had been;
And fragrant breezes, whispering by,
So thrilled my heart within,
I knew the stormy days must pass—
The sunny days begin.



A Drifting Cloud



HOW many things a drifting cloud
can be:

At first, a sail upon horizon's sea;
And then, behold, a great bird fly-
ing west!

I look again—the bird has come to be
A fleet of ships that sail majestic'ly,
And seek an anchorage o'er the mountain's
crest;

And then, behold, from out the sunset sea,
A maiden's smiling face looks down on me—
How many things a drifting cloud can be.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

Love Petals



HERE are little wild breezes that
blow o'er the fields
In tremulous waves of delight;
And they scatter the petals of each
flower that yields,
To their wooings by day or by night.
But one little flower, I once chanced to meet,
Alone seemed contented to grow;
For she said, "I will give not my petals so sweet,
To any wild breezes that blow!"
How the little winds sang as they roamed o'er
the field
In search of fair flowers, and knew
In clover the blossoms their petals would yield—
As pink and white peach blossoms do.
And one summer night when the bright stars
came out,
As they wandered at will through the bowers,
Inhaling the fragrance with festive delight
From a bevy of bright blushing flowers.
A light sighing breeze, this fair flower espied,
And wooed her with breaths of delight;
And she modestly blushed as he sang by her
side
In the hush of the sweet summer night.
And it chanced, when at dawn, as I passed on
my way,
This most modest flower I found;
And around her, the dawn's joyous breezes
held sway;
For her petals lay thick on the ground.
Ah, I whispered, I see that your love came at
last!
And your golden heart open must lie;
Each flower in time, will its soft petals cast
To some wandering wind of the sky.

The Voice of an Old Violin



N the late afternoon near a homestead,
A remnant of years long ago,
We stood with our thoughts and our
fancies

Till faded the sunset's last glow.
And lingering there, heard in the shadows
A melody throbbing within—
It spoke in the glimmering silence—
The voice of an old violin.

II

And bearded and gray, was the player,
In the musty and dusty old room,
But with fervor and faith unforgotten,
He played in the gathering gloom.
Though threadbare the tune he was playing,
It thrilled with the days that had been;
Responsive, our heartstrings vibrated
To the voice of the old violin.

III

We entered, and quaint was the dwelling,
In the lavender-scented old room,
We gazed at each heart-sacred relic,
As twilight sped on with its gloom.
Then he played, and we knew as we listened—
The heart of the player within,
With the years had grown purer and sweeter
Like the tone of his old violin.

IV.

We left, and the melody quivering,
Still clung to the sweet evening air;
And it sounded, we thought, as we listened,
Like the voice of the Angels at prayer.
We were still, for the dream and the visions
Of a long ago crowded within;
It had spoken a soul's sacred sorrow—
The voice of the old violin.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

The Poplars



YESTER-NIGHT, the poplars tall,
All trance-like stood beneath the
moon;

To-night a siren wind, whose call
Their silent spirits would enthrall,
Breaks softly on the calm of night,
With rippling waves that sweep the sky.
The poplars listen, half in fright
To whispers of a lost delight—
To songs of joy that still may be;
Against the sky, half heard to sigh,
They listen in an ecstasy,
To glorious gusts of melody.
And then no longer staid, serene,
The wind-charmed poplars laugh and dance,
Each supple form clothed like a queen,
In glittering gowns of silver sheen.



A Mating Song



HEARD it in the woods today,
A most persistent roundelay,
Flung from a spring-bird's sturdy
throat;

And each persuasive little note
Held out such hope, and rang so true
With faith and fervor. Ah! I knew—
A mating song.

Sing out brave bird, and may you fare
Along love's way with not a care,
To make you deem the world as wrong;
I pray that she, all summer long,
Will sit and preen her glossy wings,
And listen while her lover sings,
His mating song.

A Golden Moon



GOLDEN moon arose tonight —
O, it was fair to see;
The reason that it seemed so bright
My truelove walked with me.

We heard a little nightbird sing
A perfect melody;
The song had such a tender ring,
My true love walked with me,
We passed a rose in matchless bloom,
How could such beauty be?
It graced our earthly Paradise,
My truelove walked with me.
While friends so many passed us by,
And smiled so graciously;
Full well, I know the reason why,
My truelove walked with me.
A golden moon, a nightbird's tune,
Roses and smiles of glee,
All life is but a night in June,
My truelove walks with me.



Awakening



THE flowers are waking again
To the soft, tender voice of the
rain;
And the fields in their verdure are
clad---

'Tis a time that the heart should be glad---
O Father, I'm nearer to Thee
And more like thy flowers would be,
Just clad in the lowliest guise
With my face ever turned to the skies.

The Path of The Golden Rod



SOMEHOW, as I sit here dreaming,
In the late September day,
My soul, through a lost land gleaming,
Goes wandering far away;
And I see, through the mists so golden,
The paths that my feet have trod;
As I pause on a by-way, olden—
The path of the Golden Rod.
Oh! trend of my idle dreaming,
What power is it that stirs
My soul at the vision gleaming
Of those golden trumpeters?
That murmur their martial calling
As the hurrying wind sweeps by;
Then voice in the echo, falling
A summery song and sigh.
Would there reason be for regretting
If I took to that long lost plain?
Could I be, all my pride forgetting,
As simple and true again?
If through memory's mists all golden,
On the path of the Golden Rod,
I could turn to the pleasures olden
And the faith of a child in God?
'Tis ever the same old story—
(The poets will sing it still)
That the pathway to greatest glory
winds far over field and hill;
O'er pathways that wind forever,
Take me, where the Golden Rod
Blooms—there can my soul endeavor
To follow the path to God.

The June-Child



JUNE'S child of dreams, how
often, now,
Beside my own, your footsteps
fall,
How often in the nights, alone,
I hear you call
Oh, babe of many reveries,
How often on my eager breast,
I feel your form, that but in dreams,
Alone, I've pressed
June's child of dreams, I would forget—
But lo! your small hands clutch my heart;
They give me pain, and falteringly,
The great tears start
Small life, that hardly lived, to die---
Sweet image that my heart entombed---
The little budding rose of June
That never bloomed



A Thought



TO you feel this thought going out
from me?
Touching your brow like the wings
of a dove,
Or the breath of the wind passing dreamily,
Sated and blissfully weighted with love.
Is it calling you, calling you, sweetly enthrall-
ing you?
Does it thrill you, and fill you with love and
delight,
As it passes the roses, and sails like a star
Out in the mystical depths of the night.

Scatter The Rose's Petals



SCATTER the rose's petals—
See they are wet with dew—
Laugh as the grey clouds gather
Over the skies of blue.

Take the last smile I give you,
I will not smile again;
Take all the sunshine with you—
Leave me the mist of pain.

Take the sweet moonlight with you,
Leave me the gloom of night;
Let but the faltering shadows
Creep o'er my saddened sight.
Go on your bright way singing,
Down o'er the path of years;
Take all the life and laughter—
Leave me the sighs and tears.



At Sunset



BELOW, the valley stretching far
away,
In the dim haze of the declining day;
A sudden hush beneath the solemn
pines—

A silence that no word of earth defines;
The chirping of the birds that seek their rest;
A flood of molten glory in the west;
A rose-tint on the snow that lingers yet—
A crimson splendor—and the sun has set.
And now the twilight shadows drawing 'round,
Soft steals the night where every heart, has
found

It's haven-rest, save mine. Beneath the stars,
That flock like sheep to sunset's closing bars,
I stand and dream, for sweetest home to me
Is where my heart is— there I cannot be.

Springtime Will Not Miss Our Promise



PRINGTIME will not miss our
promise,
'Nor will summer miss our love,
There will be a world of mating
And of happiness. The dove
Will at twilight's tender hour,
Tell its tale in trees above.
Flowers will not cease from blooming
In the ways we do not rove,
Bending with their weight of sweetness,
They will grace a world of love,
While in olden Trysting places,
All unconsciously will be
With the stars, and flower-faces,
Lovers wooing joyously.
These sweet Seasons will not miss us,
Let the heart of nature prove—
Springtime will not miss our promise,
Nor will summer miss our love.





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